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TRAUMEREI AT OSTENDORFF'S

I ate at Ostendorff's, and saw a dame
 With eager golden eyes, paired with a red,
Bald, chilled, old man. Piercing the clatter came
 Keen *Traumerei*. On the sound he bowed his head,
 Covered his eyes, and looked on things long sped.
Her white fierce fingers strained, but could not stir
His close-locked hands, nor bring him back to her.

Let him alone, bright lady; for he clips
 A fairer lass than you, with all your fire:
Let him alone; he touches sweeter lips
 Than yours he hired, as others yet shall hire:
 Leave him the quickening pang of clean desire,
Even though vain: nor taint those spring winds blown
From banks of perished bloom: let him alone.

Bitter-sweet melody, that call'st to tryst
 Love from the hostile dark, would God thy breath
Might break upon him now through thickening mist,
 The trumpet-summons of imperial Death;
 That now, with fire-clean lips where quivereth
Atoning sorrow, he shall seek the eyes
Long turned towards earth from fields of paradise.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

In vain: By virtue of a far-off smile,
Men may be deaf a space to gross behests
Of nearer voices; for some little while
Sharp pains of youth may burn in old men's breasts;
But—men must eat, though angels be their guests:
The waiter brought spaghetti; he looked up,
Hemmed, blinked, and fiddled with his coffee-cup.

ASCRPTION

Well, wed him, then; and though there ne'er be folded
A son in your long arms, you shall not be
A barren woman, having made and molded
Whatever marrow of manhood lies in me.

William Laird.